

Yvonne Has Come to the Village

She Lends the Color of the Latin Quarter to Washington Square's Studios and Ovens and With Her Have Come Both Prosperity and Want

THERE is a new art life in New York to-day, one that was not existent two years ago, one for which the war in Europe is directly responsible. And the native artists are seriously affected thereby.

War drove many artists and pen men out of Europe. Where were they to go? New York of course! And Greenwich Village and Washington

They are less exacting too as to food. Macaroni and tea and jam satisfy them, with beer or wine for good measure. They go little to the subterranean "ovens" or basements set with deal tables and lined with futuristic nudes—where the fear of Anthony Comstock's ghost does not keep them off the walls. Those places they call expensive, forsooth! Instead

where dwell Pedro, his two chums, his wife, his bambino and his favorite model, they are a jolly crew. Yvonne is one of those imported models. Just Yvonne; nothing more. There never was another like her. She has been a familiar figure around artists' colonies ever since she was born, now in Paris, now in London, and when the migration started westward she tucked her three little children into their best rags, thrust her be-

It was her way. Always when she had a cigarette between her red lips, she had a rose there, a la Carmen. Sometimes it was only a paper rose, when things were not well with her friends, but always it was a rose, and red.

People came from far and wide last winter and dined in Bohemia just to watch her perform. There were the two dear old spinners from the Nineties, who left their butler and a good dinner that night and minced fearfully into the Dutch "oven." A scape-grace nephew had lent them "togs" and had taught them to smoke a cigarette.

The food was so bad, poor dears? But Yvonne kicked off Francois's glasses to a merry roar. And the girl has as pretty and neat a kick as you have ever seen. Kicking the ties loose about the necks of her six or eight companions was her prize achievement, after which she would sit on somebody's knee and eat her dinner. The dear old ladies were properly thrilled. They saw!

But many travel far and eat in a basement of uncovered tables and never see what they have come to see. There was the teacher from Salem, and his wife. Youth had just passed them, a little while ago, but they wanted to see life, and Yvonne. And the wife, too, smoked a cigarette, poor woman, and they had beer from an earthen pitcher.

But Yvonne did not come. The Yvonnies of the quarter cannot eat in every "oven" every night. Still, that night and every night the prize model's three little ones were stowed away in somebody's studio, alone, asleep on one cot with a new litter of puppies. More local color!

Our narrow civilization works its own havoc. A Puritan with short hair and a sack coat—albeit he draws for a living—married Yvonne and the children. Now she cooks noodles for him alone, and is never seen kicking in places where other men eat and drink. 'Tis a thing to make artists weep!

Gaston will not make us weep at any ruin of him. Gaston is pink and rosy, and he brought a Mrs. Gaston over with him. Every day he waits his grief to heaven. But he must pay to sell his work, pay a commission! Is it not terrible? And do you know why? The editors recognize him when he goes back!

For, you see, it is not reasonable to suppose that one name not already well known is going to sell a great deal in New York. So these artists do not use one name; each man uses two or three names. None are good, but he sells under them all. Poor Gaston, who is pink and rosy, is always recognized when he goes to sell a second time, and his profits cut in three! Hence he must pay a commission.

So the agent flourishes. But he too is a European. Now that prices have come down the New York artists are asking one another if they will ever go up again. "If they don't," says one, "all the native illustrators will starve!"

Some are going hungry. With all their pride and stick-to-it-iveness, the European fellows have nevertheless taken bread from them. Only a few weeks ago her friends found a girl dead in her dust coated room. There was nothing left in it for a mouse to nibble and the girl herself weighed less than ninety pounds. Three years ago, even when she "danced" herself to a shadow, she tipped the scales at 120 pounds; and three years ago she lived in three rooms and a bath and an elevator outside her door and smoked cigarettes with her monogram on them. Her friends said the wind had blown the girl out of the world, taking a nap and they quite hushed up the rumor that the one small window and the door were stuffed with rags.

The room was filled with sketches the girl had been unable to sell. Yvonne had posed for her again and again—at Yvonne's prices. But her own friends did the incomparable Yvonne better.

There should have been another solution, of course; the girl was foolish to go out by the gas route. Why not tide the time over in some other walk of life until the war is past and the usurers are back again in their own lairs?

It can be done—even by an artist! A painter in oils, a woman who had been unable to secure a paying order for fourteen months, gave up her studio and took employment as "agent" or "superintendent" in an apartment house in Brooklyn. She gets her rent free in a very hole of a place and 5 per cent. commission on all new rentals. She lives—just. She works at night under an electric light. There is no daylight in her room.

Yet she has painted a good picture during the dead night hours there—and she has no studio to which critics may come and view it. She calls it "The Prince of Peace," a new interpretation, appealing in its simplicity, spiritualized to the nth degree.

Partners in the America of To-day

DON'T you think it dreadful that one has to stay in this country all summer?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied meekly, "but that, you know, is one of the horrors of a European war. What is your particular reason for disliking the idea so much?"

"Well, you know," she said, "no-body is ever here in summer." "You forget," he replied, "that this summer every one must be here, because there is no place for people to go. They are all like you."

"True. But there's such an immense difference between being thrown in with Americans in America and Americans in Europe. Now, the European Americans are frankly amusing. I have made occasionally very good friends among them; but the moment they get back to America and become American Americans they are quite impossible."

She sighed. "It is really distressing to think of being cooped up here in America with them all summer."

"This is a large country," he suggested, his voice slightly weary. "You might hide yourself in the Rockies."

"But these offensive Americans are everywhere. They are just as likely to pop out from behind a Rocky mountain as from behind a sand dune."

"I didn't know there were so many of them left."

"The kind of Americans I mean," she said, "are the—well, people who have lived here long enough to make a little money, or even more than that, and to travel with it."

At this point he found himself wondering whether he could in justice to himself continue the conversation. To be frank, she impressed him as being rather a superficial young woman, rather a prig; a combination of one-half snob, one-quarter highbrow and the rest plain girl. He began to back off. Then he said, rather shortly: "I wish I might tell you candidly what I think about you."

She smiled as she leaned forward slightly and looked intently at something. "I know."

"You know?" "Yes. You think I am posing, that I am somewhat affected, intensely superficial, self-conscious and emphatically brainless. I don't blame you, but I am really nothing of the sort."

"Tell me then what you are."

"I am a real, genuine American girl—crazy about my country, delighted to have the opportunity to stay home everything in it. I talk the way I do now just to conceal my real feelings. It's a sort of crust I adopt to enable me to have my feelings all to myself. When people listen to that sort of talk they don't give a thought to me; they just dismiss me. I want them to. It's a matter of self-defense. I like to conceal myself from the world so that in my heart I can have my country all to myself."

He marvelled. Then he said: "Will you answer a question?" "Certainly."

"Why did you suddenly change in your manner toward me? Why did you begin by talking in that superficial way and then, almost without warning, reveal your real American self? I feel immensely honored, and I assure you that your confidence is rewarded, but—why did you do it?"

This time she laughed—a hearty, free laugh. "Shall I tell you?" "Yes, please."

"When I first began talking to you I thought you were a molluscoid. Just like a lot of fellows I know; but had blown the mud out of it. I suddenly saw, inside of your coat, a training camp pin. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's right. I'm off next week."

"And then I knew that I was talking to the real thing. Comrade!" He actually blushed as he held out his hand to her.

"Fard, put it there!" he stammered. He saw only her red lips, her white forehead and her blue eyes.

"Shake!" she said.

BY THE MAN WHO THINKS HE KNOWS IT ALL

WHERE a woman's beauty fades her intellect begins.

Often times it requires the better part of a lifetime to cultivate a proper sense of irresponsibility.

Happiness is only the memory of things unappreciated.

With some the altar is only the beginning; with others, the end.

Failure is often only the opportunity one has for readjustment.

The broadest shoulders carry no chip.

There is no woman that a man can not fall in love with under the right conditions.

Every mother is incompetent until her children have proved her to be the contrary.

Some people are disappointed when the unexpected does not happen.

The greatest fault in stupidity is that it does not know enough to be insincere.

When you think you are getting even with a friend and suffer no pain yourself, then you may be sure that you haven't succeeded.

We delude ourselves with the idea that other people exist in order to amuse ourselves with the notion that we are not entirely alone in the world.

SUMMER'S SURE SIGN.

THERE are various ways by which we can tell with more or less certainty when summer has come," said Mr. MacDuckerton. "You can tell in some degrees by the weather and the temperature. You can tell in some measure by the clothes you see people wearing and by the advertisements of summer resorts in the newspapers. In seasons such as the present you can even tell something about when it ought to be here by consulting the almanac. But, after all, in any season, the one sure sign that summer has actually come is found in that one, single, solitary fly that comes in to wake you up ahead of time in the morning."

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

SIR HUGHES has picked a manager
And opened training quarters.
'Twill be a busy season for
Political reporters.
The President invoked the Guard
For Uncle Sam's protection.
'Tis strange, to some,
That war should come
So soon before election.

A pleasant pet for summer use
Is said to be the llama.
A burglar stole a railroad train
In hither Alabama.
Carranza told his trusty men
That Texas had been captured.
More raiders spanned
The Rio Grande,
And Bernstorff seems enraptured.



More raiders spanned the Rio Grande.

No doubt the Mexican affair
Will prove a great occasion.
But what's to save the U. S. A.
From nonchalant invasion?
We hope the Colonel's pleurisy
Will leave him none the weaker.
The latest shoe
Is baby blue—
And Germany seems meeker.

An angler caught a six-pound trout,
No heavier, no lighter.
'Tis rumored that the genius is
A famous fiction writer.
The Russians took another slice
Of Austria's dominion.
The British fleet
Is still complete,
And Turkey lost a pinion.

not fall in love with under the right conditions.

Every mother is incompetent until her children have proved her to be the contrary.

Some people are disappointed when the unexpected does not happen.

The greatest fault in stupidity is that it does not know enough to be insincere.

When you think you are getting even with a friend and suffer no pain yourself, then you may be sure that you haven't succeeded.

We delude ourselves with the idea that other people exist in order to amuse ourselves with the notion that we are not entirely alone in the world.

SUMMER'S SURE SIGN.

THERE are various ways by which we can tell with more or less certainty when summer has come," said Mr. MacDuckerton. "You can tell in some degrees by the weather and the temperature. You can tell in some measure by the clothes you see people wearing and by the advertisements of summer resorts in the newspapers. In seasons such as the present you can even tell something about when it ought to be here by consulting the almanac. But, after all, in any season, the one sure sign that summer has actually come is found in that one, single, solitary fly that comes in to wake you up ahead of time in the morning."

For a while the father, mother and child waited silently while a brisk young physician was busy with other patients, and then their turn came. The doctor stepped up to them with a merry glint in his eyes and proceeded to ask questions of the parents, and they were, where they live, when they were born, and so on, quickly asked down the answers.

He found that the father was in Turkey and the mother was in England. "Him not young Turk?" he asked. "No, sir," he exclaimed in English. "Him not young Turk?" "And this time it was the doctor whose face grew red.



The Russians took another slice.

'Tis said that one should emanate
A happy thought on waking.
We tried it; but it seemed to us
Like flagrant nature-faking.
Albino whales are very scarce
If you are going fishing—
A fat man's mate
Reduced his weight
By sitting home, and wishing!

King George has cut his income down
To ten or twenty million.
The German dancing masters scowl
Upon the French cotillion.
Poor China suffers greatly from
The efforts to reform her.
Mosquitoes bore
The Jersey shore—
And we are fair and warmer.



Mosquitoes bore.

UNHYPHENATED.

A THICK set man of round aspect walked into the hall of a clinic of an up-town hospital, accompanied by his wife, who, perched a mite of humanity, whose large eyes looked this way and that with curious interest.

For a while the father, mother and child waited silently while a brisk young physician was busy with other patients, and then their turn came. The doctor stepped up to them with a merry glint in his eyes and proceeded to ask questions of the parents, and they were, where they live, when they were born, and so on, quickly asked down the answers.

He found that the father was in Turkey and the mother was in England. "Him not young Turk?" he asked. "No, sir," he exclaimed in English. "Him not young Turk?" "And this time it was the doctor whose face grew red.

Instantly the mother drew back a step and the father's face grew red. He swallowed once or twice before pointing to his child.

"No, sir," he exclaimed in English. "Him not young Turk?" "And this time it was the doctor whose face grew red.

THE FABLE OF MILITARY GLORY

By John Held



Once upon a time there was a boy who hated to peel potatoes.

And who detested carrying water.

As to using a pick and shovel, his hatred knew no bounds.

So he joined the militia and enjoyed being on kitchen detail.

Supplying the camp with water was a pleasure.

And as to digging trenches, his asm knew no limit. Moral: Base that boy to be a soldier.